LETTER

Sent to the late

Lord BALMERINO,

During the Time he lay under

Sentence of DEATH in the Tower!

By the Reverend Mr. HUMPHREYS, One of the Clergymen appointed to attend him.



LONDON.

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THE Reverend Mr. Gordon and myself being appointed to attend Lord Balmerino during the Time he lay under Sentence of Death in the Tower, and his Lordship having made Choice of that Gentleman as a Person known to him before, I took the Liberty of writing to him the following Letter, which he publickly thanked me for in very grateful Terms; I have since been importuned to transcribe it for several of my Friends, but that being impossible, I take this Method of complying with their Requests.

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A LETTER sent to the late Lord Balmerino, &c.

HE Address I here take the Liberty to make you, proceeds from no other Motive than Christian Charity; if any Thing I can offer to your Lordship's

Consideration should be suitable to your Circumstances, I hope you will be pleased to accept it, how meanly soever it is performed, with the same Charity that I have designed it.

My Lord, I am fincerely concerned for your melancholly Situation; but, at the fame Time, give me Leave to observe, that it is the Fruit of your own Choice, the natural Consequence of your late unhappy Conduct: But this being a Subject of too tender a Nature to expatiate on (as presuming you are by this Time thoroughly convinced of the Unjustifiableness of your Attempt, and the Malignity of your Crime) I willingly pass it over, in order to make Room for other Considerations more besitting your present Condition.

As you are now most justly under the Sentence of the Law, it is by no Means my Defign to add greater Weight to the Assistions you feel, but rather to contribute my Endeavours to alleviate your Burden, and to assist you to bear it with becoming Decency and

Fortitude.

In order to which, it will be proper for you to lay down this as a fixed Principle in your Mind, that there is a wife, just, and good God that governs the World; that, whatever befals any of us, (even the severest of our Sufferings) is either procured or permitted by his Providence; and consequently, tho, upon the Account of our Imperfection, we perceive not always the Justice and Equity of it, must be right, must be best upon the Whole: If you are once thoroughly persuaded of this Truth, you will not find it so difficult a Matter to conform your Mind to the Will of Providence, and to be in some Measure satisfied with your Condition.

There is no Duty in Religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by Almighty God, than a perfect Submission to his Will in all Things, nor is there any Dispofition of Mind that can either please him more, or become us better, than that of being fatiffied with all his wife Dispensations: Besides, if we attend to the present State of Things, and the various Contingencies of human Life, a Confidence in God, Refignation to his Will, and Patience under his Inflictions, are Virtues neceffary for all Men; but more particularly fo for Persons under your Circumstances: You, my Lord, are now called forth to exercise these heroick Virtues, to signalize yourself, and to act the Part of a Man and a Christian in a more particular Manner: You have now an Opportunity of shewing a noble Example of Patience and Fortitude under your Sufferings, and of wiping off some of the Blemishes of your Life by a decent and Christian Behaviour

at your Death.

My Lord, the World allows you to have a great Share of Intrepidity and Resolution; and therefore, as you find yourfelf already furnished with fufficient Strength of Mind to bear you up under all Extremities, you will perhaps look upon this Part of my Letter to be unnecessary and impertinent: But, my Lord, it is a serious Thing to die. Were there no more in Death than the momentary Pains of dying, there would be no fuch mighty Matter in fubmitting to its Stroke: But when, as Chri-Mians, we consider the Consequences of this great Revolution of Nature, that Eternity we shall then be fixed in, and the different Portitions of Men in another State, according to their different Behaviour in this, to die, considered in this Light, is a Thing of no small Concern and Importance.

What then must be done to disarm this King of Terrors, and to make this Period of our Life easy and supportable? Not the proud Boastings of a false and ignorant Security, not the Force of unseasonable Mirth and Humour, nor the more rash and daring Contempt of Futurity can afford us any solid and well-grounded Comfort. Religion is the only Thing that is capable of affording us Relief at the Hour of Death; from thence

thence we must derive all our Succours in the Day of our Distres: For since we are all Sinners, and consequently subject to Death, true Repentance takes out its Sting, and frees us from its Terror. No Man meets Death with becoming Resolution, that is not in some Mea-

fure prepared for it.

My Lord, I am a Stranger to your Life and Conversation, but am charitably inclined to hope that you have made some timely Provision for another State; and have not, as too many do, put off the great Work of Life to the End of it; this is best known to God and your own Conscience: However, upon the most savourable Supposition, it would be Madness at this Time, not to do all that can be done to complete your Repentance, and to make your Salvation sure.

You now tread upon the Confines of Eternity; no Time is to be lost, no Moments are to be misemployed: It concerns you therefore to deal impartially and sincerely with your-felf, and not to deceive your Soul in a Matter of such vast and infinite Moment as its eternal

State.

Your present Confinement, how grievous foever it is to your Body, may be of no small Advantage to your Soul: It gives you an Opportunity of abstracting your Mind from the World, of looking into yourself, and resecting upon your past Conduct; you now see the Folly of all the various Schemes and Pursuits of

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your former Life; Honour, Pleasure and Power are now mean and contemptible in your Eyes; and you are by this Time sufficiently convinced that all Things below are Vanity and Vexation: In a Word, you now see Things as they really are in themselves, and value them at no higher Rate than their true and intrinsick Worth.

Permit me then to advise you, as a sincere Well-Wisher to your immortal Soul, to shew a noble Specimen of the Contempt of the World. and its paltry Enjoyments; to place your Affections on Things above, and not on Things below; and to have your Heart fixed there, where you expect your Treasure. The prefent Life is short and transitory, but, short as it is; fufficiently long for the Evils thereof; in this World we are Strangers and Sojourners, stationed only for a While in a State of Trial, and travelling as it were thro' a strange Country, to our proper Home; for here we have no continuing City, but we feek one to come: Since then God, out of Mercy to us, did not design this troublesom World for our perpetual Abode, it will be your Wisdom and mine to prepare ourselves for that blissful and eternal State where true Joys are to be found.

In the mean Time let it be your Endeavour to refign yourself up to God's wise and just Disposal, and to possess your Soul in Patience for a little While, and fortify your Mind with Courage, since you see Land; the Storm you are

in will foon be over, and Death will land you on the happy Shore of Peace and Tranquillity: There, as Job elegantly expresses it, The Wicked cease from troubling, and there the Weary be at Rest: there the Prisoners rest together, they bear not the Voice of the Oppressor, the Small and Great are there, and the Servant is free from his Management.

fter.

I have perhaps by this long Letter interrupted your own more useful Meditations; I shall therefore take my Leave of you, and commend you to the Father of Mercies and the God of all Consolation; beseeching him, out of his infinite Compassion, and thro' the Merits of Jesus Christ, to supply to you the Want of the usual Measures of Time, and Periods of Repentance; to grant that your Punishment may be only in this World, and your Pardon sealed in the next; to give you Hope in your Death, and a Portion in his heavenly Kingdom. These are the affectionate and hearty Prayers of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's sincere Well-Wisher, 201

and most obedient Servant,

RENCH DELVACED those I'we Lords

Trans Our Prince

Tower, Aug. 9. 1746.

C. Humphreys.